

THE GALLANT RIDE

Of the Dutch Burgher General
De Wet
THROUGH THE BRITISH CORDON

His Famous Dash with President Steyn of the Orange Free State to Kruger's Camp in the Transvaal with Four Thousand Fearless Horsemen—One of the Most Daring and Famous Rides in History.

De Wet's dash through the British lines to escort President Steyn of the Orange Free State to Kruger's camp, in the Transvaal, was one of his most brilliant strokes of military genius. The enemy had him cooped up in the mountains; they were at all important points on the route to be traversed; they held the line of the Vaal River, which lay between the starting point at Fouriesburg, in the southeastern part of the state, and De Wet's destination at Rustenburg, west of Pretoria, where the British were in full force, ready to intercept him. Every neck was picketed; every kopje held its out-look guard. But De Wet pulled through. He carried Steyn to safety, then rode back.

The following is substantially the story of one who rode with De Wet on that trip:

It was dusk of a bitterly cold day that the column of 4,000 horsemen moved forward from their mountain hiding to Retief's neck. A lot of captured Armstrong guns and a train of wagons strung out the length of the column, the center of the cavalcade. Striking out at a fair pace, the horses' hoofs threw up a dust as thick as the London fog. It was so cold that the winter uniforms taken from the enemy at Rooled were most welcome, and those who hadn't them put on their blankets, Indian fashion. For some miles out not a Briton was to be seen, and the Boers feared an ambush, but a little later the scouts located the enemy's camp, all asleep or hugging the fires too close to see their game slipping away. De Wet was tempted to swoop down on the camp and take it in, but on second thought decided to go on his way as a safeguard for Steyn. In a short time the moon arose, and to head off the alarm should it spread he cut the wires leading to the British post at Bettiesden, and by daylight was well out of the first net.

On the second day a small British force attacked the column on the march. It was fought off by a handful, with De Wet and Steyn at the head, while the rest of the column rode away with the wagons and captured Armstrongs. This was a daily experience, and sometimes the whole strength of the fighters was needed. Theron's famous scouts always went on ahead and scoured the flanks of the column. These men took their lives in their hands hourly, for they passed themselves off as English, whenever the attitude of the people whom they met was in doubt. One dark night they stopped at a farm of a "hand up"—that is, a Boer who had surrendered his arms to the British. Here they claimed to be English, and there being some real Boers in the house, a volley was fired into the band, killing two. Further slaughter of friends was stopped by the cry: "Don't shoot! We are Boers!"

One day the whole outfit narrowly escaped disaster. A small British convoy was seen off at a distance, and a full commando from De Wet's column rode out to capture it. This led to a desperate fight, and while the raiders were hotly engaged a large body of English swooped down upon the Boer camp. As usual, De Wet sent his wagons and Armstrongs ahead under a strong guard and posted the rest of his men for a fight. The raiding commando was then recalled, with its work half done, but the British were held off till dark, and the wagons were well out of reach.

To fight even against odds in such a race is one thing, but to guard wagons, fighting for right of way and taking their slow pace with the enemy at hand, is quite another thing. Often a gun or a brace of wagons was saved by the personal daring of a handful or even of one man. At length the column neared the railway. At 4 in the afternoon De Wet halted in sight of the track. A train came into view, steaming slowly along. The Boers were in plain sight, and of course the alarm would be wired ahead to cut them off. De Wet divided his wagons and guns into eight columns, with a strong guard to each, telling them to cross the track and fight through on their own hook. All started at dusk.

De Wet and Steyn crossed the track without incident beyond having to wait for a long train to get out of the way, after stopping to clear an obstruction the Boers had placed on the track. One column had better luck in stopping trains for it crossed several trucks filled with loot, and when the engineer attempted to push on one of Theron's scouts sprang upon the engine and smashed a valve. Meanwhile the armed guard began to shoot. They were quickly overpowered, and the Boers got a rich haul of spoils.

De Wet crossed the railway, which was the one between Pretoria and Bloemfontein, near Rooledval, and the hills of Reitzburg lay a day's march in front. Barely was the column among the hills when the Boers kept on in breathless silence with the news that the British were coming. Boers love the hills, especially when there is a fight on, so there was a grand race for the kopjes lying on the British side of the laager. The British formed line under cover and trotting slowly in good order for the Boer center. Out from the sheltering hills at the cry of General Philip Jotha to charge, the Boers rushed, or rather swarmed, in the face of the enemy. The British halted and opened a steady fire. The Boers kept on, individuals striving in a race to be first up with the bullets. Then the British turned and rode back toward their guns.

In some parts of the field the Boers overtook the fleeing British, who stood for a fight. Another party would fly with Boers at their heels, and now and then a group got a Nordenfled in position, and swept the Boer lines with bullets. The fight ended with the British back in their old line. At last the British had located. De Wet's Boer commando, and there was a prospect of lively work ahead. The English be-

came more vigorous, and when the burghers attempted to cross the Vaal they met a stinging fire. The old enemy was still on the Boer rear, and closed in to entrap the massive un- wieldy column.

Shells on one side and bullets on the other kept the Boers in a narrow pass, but they struck out for a drift higher up the valley. Meantime word had traveled along the railway from Johannesburg to block the crossing of the Vaal. He met the Boers at the upper drift, but they cut their way through and crossed the second line of railway near Potchefstroom. With the British still at their heels, his draft horses and cattle dropping daily from the effects of their long march and heavy burdens, it seemed that De Wet could only reach the hills of Mafesburg by a miracle.

The day the column left Potchefstroom one gun was lost to the English in battle. The British stormed the line and forced the artillery to retreat. A field cornet passing the guns said to a young Boer in charge of one piece that the artillery was too heavy to take to get away. "Well, let the English take it, then," said the boy, and kept on firing at the advancing enemy.

After all his horses had been killed and two men wounded, he took the wounded to the rear, but plucked up courage to go back to his piece in the face of the enemy's fire. But the British were already around his gun, which they turned upon his party, forcing it to retreat.

Early in the morning after the camp was made in the outlying hills of the Mafesburg range the British attack followed close, and a scouting party was captured while trying to pass the Boer lines in the night. The morning attack forced the Boers to hurry on to the next destination, Olliphant's neck. This pass was held by Delany's men, and the crossing was exposed to British attack. The Boers took possession, but the pass was rushed by the British, and the whole range had to be abandoned.

The time had now come for De Wet and Steyn to separate. The British were all around. Kruger was east of Pretoria, where Steyn must go to meet him. The president and the great raider shook hands on the bank of the Hex. De Wet's parting words were: "They say the blood now to be shed will rest upon my head. Be it so. I prefer that to surrendering for that multiplies all the sacrifices of the past. Should peace negotiations open, do not conclude them without my presence. I want no half-way peace."

De Wet then started back for the south, and Steyn, with an escort of 50 men, rode eastward with Kitchener in his rear and Baden-Powell in front. The Boer whose story has been given in this narrative went with Steyn. The party dodged the enemy, but it was a running fight all the way to Machadodorp. Boer commandos rose up at different passes and crossings to keep off Baden-Powell, who often poured shots into the Boer camp, and at the crossing of Pienar River was only an hour too late to intercept the march.

A SAMPLE

Of British Rule in the Case of Ireland.

The figures of the census of the United Kingdom, which have lately been made public, are not encouraging to the people of Ireland and their sympathizers throughout the world. For the first time in the history of Ireland and Scotland the population of the former has been outnumbered by that of the latter, the relative figures being: Scotland, 4,471,957; Ireland, 4,456,546.

Irishmen generally attribute to the "union" forced upon them by England the decay which has marked their history as a people since then, and the fate which now seems to threaten their national existence. That the falling off in population is coincident with the direct control by England can not be gainsaid. In 1821, when the legislative union with England had been only twenty years in existence, the population of Ireland amounted to 6,801,827, while that of Scotland was only 2,991,521. In 1871, only thirty years ago, Ireland's population numbered 5,421,377, so that it has lost 1,380,000 people, or one-fifth of its inhabitants, within the memory of men not yet reached middle life.

England and Wales, which only numbered 12,000,000 in 1821, or less than twice the population of Ireland, now number 32,226,716, or nearly eight to one. And yet the taxation of England per head, which in 1819 amounted to £2 10s. 3d., had been reduced in 1894 to £2 4s. 10d., while that of Ireland, which in 1819 was only 14s. 5d. per head, had increased in 1894 to £1 8s. 10d., and, owing to the South African war, will be much higher this year. The total taxation of Ireland, which in 1893, when a British royal commission reported that she was being overtaxed £3,000,000, reached £7,568,649, will this year amount to more than £9,500,000.

It will be perceived that Scotland has increased to 4,456,546, and its population for the first time outnumbers Ireland. On the continent we have statistics from Germany, showing an increase of 15 per cent. in population, July 11 per cent. The United States shows an increase of 21 per cent. All other civilized nations are expected to show heavy gains, except France, Ireland stands isolated and alone, the only country in the world which for more than half a century has been and is being steadily depopulated.

In 1841 the population of Ireland was 8,196,597, and in 1891 4,456,546, a loss in sixty years of 3,740,051, or more than 45 per cent. over and above natural increase.

The population in England in 1841 was 15,002,443, and in 1901 more than 30,000,000. This shows a gain of 150 per cent. in 60 years. Had Ireland made the same gain since 1841 her present population would be 16,233,194.

These figures are not pleasant reading for those who hope for a better fate for a brave, generous, liberty-loving race than the expatriation, loss of identity as a distinct national factor, for which must ultimately be the outcome of the continuance of the present rate of depopulation and over-taxation.

AUTHOR OF "DIXIE"

Old Dan Rice Spending His Last Days in Ohio.

THE HOME OF HIS BOYHOOD

How He Composed the Immortal Song Which Thrilled the Hearts of Robert E. Lee's Soldiers and Made Stonewall Jackson's Men Invincible—The Last Earthly Music Heard by Thousands of the Brave.

Five miles south of Fredericktown, O., in a lonely little hermitage, Dan D. Emmett, "Father of Negro Minstrelsy," is slowly passing away the last days of his eventful life. He is best known as the author of "Dixie Land," the sweetest negro melody, which served as a rallying song in two of the world's greatest wars. On a bright, sunny afternoon, "Uncle Dan," as he is familiarly known, will sit for hours in a rustic chair before his little cottage, in reveries of by-gone days, dreaming of early trials and triumphs. He loves to talk, more especially to young people, of his eventful career as a musician, and, charmed by the old man's plaintive voice and manner, he finds them earnest listeners to his tales of the early days of minstrelsy. Mr. Emmett, now 86 years old, was born in Mortonsville in 1815, and began his career as a musician twenty years later. Coming from a family of musicians, whose fame is still traditional in this section, he not unnaturally showed at an early age a remarkable talent for music. While yet a boy he accompanied a circus as a strolling musician, and it developed on him daily to present a program of songs with banjo accompaniment. The songs and music were of his own composition. But it was in 1839 that he composed the song that made him at once famous. Mr. Emmett, speaking of his composition of "Dixie" said to a friend:

"I wrote 'Dixie' like everything else I ever did, because it had to be done. I was playing with Bryant's Theater in 1839 and on a certain Saturday night, when I was leaving, Bryant called to me. 'We've got to list a new attraction, Dan. Give us a new walk-around for next week. Make it lively and the kind the bands will play and the boys will whistle in the street.' The next day it rained and I was obliged to stay indoors, so I set to work on the song. At first I could do nothing. My store of thoughts suitable for the desired song seemed exhausted. I went to the window and looked out into the street. The cold rain was beating and driving and my thoughts went back to a time when I was traveling with a circus. When caught in inclement weather in the North the negroes with the circus were wont to wish they were in 'Dixie' land."

"Then a sentence, 'I wish I was in Dixie,' kept repeating itself in my mind. Discouraged, I went back to the desk and set it down, and the next day came easy. In twenty minutes the words and music were complete, and that's the whole story of how 'Dixie' came to be written. 'Dixie' was just what Bryant wanted for the next week. When we arrived in New York the boys were actually whistling it in the street. It made a great hit at once and I sang it every night. Then the South took it and claimed it as its own. Dixie' undoubtedly prolonged the Civil War. It made heroes out of the rough, undisciplined Southern soldiers, and when they played before a battle nevered them for the mighty struggle that was to follow. The officers realized the value of this favorite song, and when the men were disheartened and discouraged the band would strike up 'Dixie' and the hardiest of veterans would be moved to tears, ready to die for their beloved Dixie Land. The original manuscript was stolen from me when I was traveling with Field's minstrels four years ago. It was my most cherished possession. Emmett is still remarkably strong, but will never appear in public again. He owes his remarkable health to his temperate life. Speaking of his future, he said: 'If I chose to travel I could be a great man over the United States, but I have had enough of it. I came back here to live and die in the home of my boyhood years. I will never leave Knox county again.'"

AN EXECUTIVE REBUKE.

How General Lee Got an Exposed Point Properly Fortified.

The late Major General Harry Heth was the only man in the Confederate army whom General Lee called by his first name. Lee addressed even his two sons as "General." Heth had been the friend of his youth, and Lee loved and trusted him profoundly. Yet his love did not cause the commander-in-chief of the Confederate army for a moment to forget his duty, as is shown by an incident described in The Century.

One day before Petersburg, Lee rode up to Heth's tent, and said, "Harry, I should like to ride down your line." Heth was much flattered at the proposal, and as they rode side by side he pointed out positions of danger and advantage. Suddenly they came upon a place of great importance, where for several hundred yards there were no fortifications. Surprised, Lee turned to his friend for an explanation. Heth said that he had ordered defenses for this spot, and had supposed them finished.

"That they are completed at once Harry," said Lee; and, turning his horse, he rode back to headquarters.

After a few days the General again appeared at Heth's tent with the same proposal, and the delighted officer, obedient to his horse, rode back to headquarters.

Without a word Lee turned toward his tent, motioning Heth to follow. Dismounting, the commander-in-chief seated himself, and the subordinate stood, wondering what his punishment would be. Lee spoke in his kindest tones.

"Harry," he said, "that horse your wife rides worries me more than I can tell. He kicks and fights the bit till I fear he will either break her wrists or put her arms out of their sockets. Now, the best way to take the edge off a nervous horse is to give him plenty of exercise—regular exercise—morning and night, and his only resource for the sake of your wife, as well as yourself, I beg you to make the experiment, and I know of no better place for you to ride the horse while taming him than just up and down in front of that gap I ordered you to have closed until

a good breastwork has been completed. Good evening, sir."

The rebuke was given kindly—even affectionately; yet the recipient declared that he never slept a wink that night, for days afterward felt as if he had been beaten with a club.

BRIDAL SUPERSTITIONS.

June Luck and May the Reverse. Relative Merits of Months.

Radiant June, the month of roses and of graduates, is also the favorite month of Hymen. May is the most unlucky month of the year in which to get married, but June is the most popular. There are many superstitions regarding marriage, and even the women who most strongly profess skepticism is not exempt from them. Relative merits of the various months with regard to matrimony are set forth in the old rhyme which runs:

"Marry when the year is new,
Always loving, kind and true;
When February birds do mate
You may wed, nor dread your fate.
If you wed when March winds blow,
Joy and sorrow both you'll know.
Marry in April when you can,
Joy for maiden and for man;
Marry in the month of May,
You will surely rue the day.
Marry when June roses blow,
Over land and sea you'll go.
They who in July do wed,
Must labor always for their bread.
Whoever wed in August be,
Many a change are sure to see.
Marry in September's shine,
Your living will be rich and fine.
If in October you do wed,
Love will come, but riches tarry;
If you wed in bleak November,
Only joy will come, remember.
When December's snows fall fast
Marry, and true love will last."

Of the days in the week Wednesday is the best, and Saturday the worst on which to get married. The old rhyme runs:

"Monday for wealth,
Tuesday for health,
Wednesday the best day of all.
Thursday for crosses,
Friday for losses,
Saturday no luck at all."

If we are to believe in superstition, a bride's happiness depends not a little on what she wears. "Something old and something new, something borrowed and something blue," is invariably regarded by brides. According to an old rhyme:

"Married in white,
You have chosen all right.
Married in gray,
You will go far away.
Married in black,
You will wish yourself back.
Married in red,
You had better be dead.
Married in green,
Ashamed to be seen.
Married in blue,
You'll always be true.
Married in pearl,
You'll live in a whirl.
Married in yellow,
As a maid of the fellow.
Married in brown,
You'll live out of town.
Married in pink,
Your spirits will sink."

HOW THE BRITISH

Missed a Fine Chance to Pay the Cost of the Boer War.

Several American millionaires recently visited the King of England, and it would have been according to precedent if King Edward had caused them to be seized and held for ransom. Every schoolboy knows that when King Richard I. was on his way home from the Holy Land he was taken prisoner by Leopold, Duke of Austria, handed over to Emperor Henry VI., and by him kept in confinement until he was released for a ransom, which would never have been paid if his brother John and the King of France could have prevented it. Similarly, King David Bruce, of Scotland, taken prisoner at Newcastle's Cross, was detained in the Tower of London until his subjects agreed to pay 100,000 marks in twenty half-yearly instalments for his liberation, and hostages were kept to hold the Scotch to their bargain. History abounds in just such instances, and kings were not the only ones that played the game. In the Lay of the Last Minster, William of Deloraine says something about—

"—when I lay in dungeon dark,
In—castle, long months three,
Till ransomed for ten thousand mark,
Dark Musgrave, it were 'long of thee."

Here's a chance for King Edward and his Salisbury to show that the blood of their ancestors still flows in their veins. If they should juggle the Morgans and other millionaires till a ransom were forthcoming, equal to the cost of the South African war, letting the rest of the national debt stand, it would be a great financial stroke. Some timid people might apprehend that the President of the United States would take offence and threaten war for the release of the cooped-up millionaires; but Mr. McKinley is a very practical man, and he knows well enough that he could not successfully invade Great Britain with his little one-horse army. Besides there would be no public opinion to back him. The working people of the United States, who after a constitution of a majority, would be tickled at the idea of getting rid of their monopolistic masters, who operate the big trusts which raise prices of things that the people must buy, and keep on gathering up millions for themselves. The millionaires would have to shell out or rot behind bars. There may never be another such fine chance to get them all together in London. A word to the wise is as good as a nod to the unscrupulous.

Shakespeare's Seven Ages.

A voice from the grave says: "We look into a cradle and behold a male child. At the age of ten he is a noisy kid, with half the buttons off his pants and an eye for meanness. At the age of fifteen he is a devil in a print shop; at twenty-five the publisher of a country newspaper; at the head of every enterprise calculated to improve the town or enrich the business thereof; at thirty-five he is an emaciated, worn-out man, with holes in his pockets and a bald head; at the age of fifty he is a corpse in a cheap coffin, and his only resource for the sake of his wife, as well as yourself, I beg you to make the experiment, and I know of no better place for you to ride the horse while taming him than just up and down in front of that gap I ordered you to have closed until

Washington's most famous Whiskey

BAROLAY
(Registered.)

Pure Old Rye Whiskey

\$1 per quart; 50 cents per pint.
All goods delivered.

Sold by

TOBIAS BUSH,

Sole Distributor

831 Seventh St. N. W., Washington, D. C.
Telephone Main 5124

Ernest R. Humphrey,

Banker and Broker.

Stocks, Grain, Cotton and Pro-

visions.

1329 F St. N. W.

TELEPHONE MAIN 1818 AND 1880.

Correspondents J. L. McLean & Co.,

60 Broadway, New York.

F. M. Beck, Ch. Alley.

BECK & ALLEY,

STOCK BROKERS.

Washington Loan and Trust Building.

Telephone, main, 1098.

CONSOLIDATED EXCHANGE CON-

NECTION.

Fractional Lots a Specialty

PAINLESS DENTISTRY

The VERO DENTISTS! In them we find, knowledge with perfect skill combined. Here in their parlors, Patients meet, Modern appliances most complete. Excellent treatment suffers gain, prompt relief from dental pain. In extractions, it is confessed, their painless system stands the test. Very finest sets they do supply, for beauty and comfort unmatched say I. Excellence with materials first class; their workmanship none can surpass. Rapid yet gentle, they know not defeat, at Pennsylvania avenue and Twelfth street. Operating scientifically, all confess, the VERO DENTISTS command success.

CONTRACTORS, NOTICE

We are headquarters for supplies in this line: Railroad Barrows, Mortar Barrows, Imperial Iron Beams, Road Plows and Dirt Scrapers for heavy grading and excavating purposes, Water Tanks and Barrels, Dirt Wagons and Carts, and full line of Harness. It would be well for contractors in this line, before buying elsewhere, to get our prices. We also carry in stock Lawn Mowers, Lawn Rollers, Garden Hose and Tools. Plows repaired and castings furnished for all Plows.

P. MANN & CO., 207 7th St. N. W.

Opposite Center Market.

Perpetual Account Books.

Save MONEY, LABOR, TIME and SPACE.



Used by Banks, Insurance Companies, and Mercantile Houses. Wholesale and Retail, in place of Ledgers, Stock Books, etc.

Full information from

R. P. ANDREWS & CO.,

627 La. Ave. N. W.,

Washington, D. C.

jl—ly.

JUST A WORD

About Your

SUMMER HOME!

Somerset Beach,

Washington's Favorite Residence and
Pleasure Resort.

We invite your attention to the following advantage of the Beach as an excursion and cottage resort. Easy distance from the City—45 miles. Fine salt water bathing, healthy location, excellent shade for excursionists. Good fishing and crabbing. High elevation of building sites. Cheap rates of fare. Low prices of Lots and Lumber.

SOMERSET BEACH

is opposite Maryland Point, on the widest stretch of the grand Potomac. The Company has built the finest wharf on the river.

Daily boats connect with Washington. Excursion rates make traveling nearly as cheap as remaining at home, and the cost of living is reduced to a minimum. Lots sold on easy monthly payments and money furnished for building purposes. Apply at company's office.

E. S. RANDALL, President.

CHESTER HOWE, Secretary.

623 F Street N. W.

A. JOHNSON,

MERCHANT TAILOR

215 Fourth Street N. W.

Washington, D. C.

ESTABLISHED

HEADQUARTERS

For all the leading brands of Cigars

Respectfully,

S. V. LEECH, 13th and G N. W.

GOLD

BRASS

EMBOSSED

ELECTRIC

AND

PLAIN

WORK.

Phone Main 749-2. Established 1889.

THE SIGN SHOP

JOSEPH S. HAAS.

"WE SIGN ANYTHING."

M19-3m

1117 G Street

ISAAC PRUDMAN.

Job printer.

Office 44 Street,

between C and D southwest.

I never disappoint. Give me a trial.

"LOOKING FOR PATIENTS."

THE LAMP DOCTOR

Office hours, from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.

Reasonable consultation free.

Respectfully, R. F. PREUSSER

724 Thirtieth street N.W.

Established 1873.

THOMAS HEANY,

462, 464 Mass. Avenue N. W.

Marble, Quincy, Barr, and Richmond.

Granite monuments. All the leading

granites at the lowest market price. Pre-

pared to furnish all classes of cemetery

work at the shortest notice. Estimates

given without any cost.